

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1862.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 20

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THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

MARYSVILLE, NOVEMBER 6

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

The Despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, My Maryland.
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, My Maryland.
Avenges the patriotic gore,
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle Queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland, My Maryland.
My mother state, to thee I kneel.

Maryland, My Maryland.
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy benignant limbs with steel,

Maryland, My Maryland.

Thou shallst not cower in the dust,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Thy beaming sword shall not rust,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,

And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come for thy dalliance doth thee wrong,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,

And give a new *Key* to thy song,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Dear mother burst the tyrants chain,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, My Maryland.

She meets her sisters on the plain,
Sic Semper is the proud refrain,

That baffles millions back again,
Maryland, My Maryland.

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, My Maryland.

But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, My Maryland.

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill from creek to creek,

Potomac calls to Chesapeake.

Maryland, My Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, My Maryland.

The old lines bugle, file and drum.

Maryland, My Maryland.

She is not deaf, nor dead, nor dumb!

Huzzah! she spurns the Northern scum!

She breathes, she burns, she comes, she comes,

Maryland, My Maryland.

A Tender Epistle.

Love is no dream, as the following billet-doux picked up in front of the post office will show:

My Dear Sweetest Dicky:—I am so happy to hear from you so often—it affords me much pleasure. You always was so dear to me. I hope you will soon be dearer.

You know that I never hinted nothing about marriage and never mean to take your own time for that. I shall always remember the old saying, procrastination is the thief of time, but mother says nothing should be done in a hurry, except kitchen fees.

The fondest wish of my heart is that we may soon become one. Do you read Franklin's Extracts—heirress concerning marriage is delightful. Our hearts be set, they ought to be heterogeneous so that our union may be mixed as uniting—not like oil and water, but like tea and sugar. Truly I can feel for the mortal Watts when he says—

The rows is red the violets blew,

Sugars sweet and so are you.

Mother says matrimony is better to think than the reality.

I remain till death or marriage, your own sweet candy.

N. P. I had a cousin married last month who sez there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state.

MARY ANN.

P. M. I hope you will let me know what you mean to do, as there is four or five fellows after me hot foot, and I shall be quite uneasy till I hear.

Your loving sweet.

MARY ANN.

POLISH PIETY.—In removing to a new farm it is always customary in Poland to have it solemnly blessed by a priest. In fact God's blessing is invoked upon every undertaking, and trivial domestic arrangements and duties. No cook will as much as put a batch of bread into the oven without having first made the sign of the cross over it, to ensure a satisfactory result. One of the national characteristics is strong religious feeling, and an ever present conviction of a watchful Providence.

Are you near sighted, Miss? said an impudent fellow to a young lady that did not choose to recognize him. 'Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy.'

Speech of Hon. R. G. Hutchens—The Political Campaign in New York.
A remarkable and Eloquent Speech for the Union and Constitution, Delivered at the Democratic Headquarters in New York.—The Democratic and Abolition Rule Contested.

[EXTRACT.]

Behold the present condition of the people, no longer a prosperous, mighty and free people, and an object of joy to despots, and of sorrow to all those who look on it as the hope of their future. This is the condition to which the theories of the Republican party have brought us. They have given us nothing in return, but have deprived us of the privileges that we possessed, as we believed, for our lives, and then to be an inheritance for our children. With all this most wonderful history of the past, to which I have referred, to glory in—in the midst of such unparalleled prosperity, while occupying such an imperial position among the nations—we heard the croakings of the ravens in the distant East. At first a little brood, but faintly heard and seen—black winged in plumage and ominous in sound—intermingling with the joyful voices of a happy people their hoarse, and discordant and doleful cries. These black-winged and croaking ravens were the Beechers, Cheeverers, Summers, Wilson and Seward, the arch-avengers of them all; who after having kindled the fire, now stands appalled and conscience-stricken before the terrible conflagration which is rising, and cries out "am a conservative!" [Great and continued applause.] This black brood—prolific and birds of ill-omen always are—soon overspread the northern land. They bore with them desolation and death. They were the forerunners of war, carnage and misery. The chiefs of these ravens clustered in a city in the West, where they chose a leader of the brood and hatched an out-numbering swarm. There they proclaim a new theory of government, one prophesied a brighter reign of prosperity, happiness and peace than the country had ever before enjoyed. They predicted to us, under this new theory, a reformation not only in politics, and civil and social systems, but in commerce, trade, agriculture and every thing. They claimed that no longer would slavery be a subject of agitation throughout the land. They inscribed on their banners, as their mock-warriors bore them through the streets at night, and as they hung over the crowded thoroughfares, such shibboleths and promises as these: "Free Speech," "Free Press," "Free Homes," "Free Men!" Prosperity unknown before was to be throughout the land, and peace was to sit down at her gates. [Cheers.]

What a sarcasm there is in the reality of the present! Free Speech! The crowded dungeons of Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren, and the Capitol Prison at Washington, answer this shibboleth of the election hour.

Free Press!—The Press of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris is the essence of liberty in comparison with our own. Free Homes!—The boast of Lord Chatham, that the King of England dare not enter the meanest cottage of the poorest man in England, without the authority and warrant of law, is no longer our boast. There is not the meanest hovel, the loftiest garret, nor the deepest cellar whose doors are not liable to be broken into at this moment by the officers of the Superintendent of Police. Such acts would not be permitted under the reign of a Horatio Seymour! [Loud and continued cheers.] Free Men! It is the boast of those who live under the protection of the law, which bears proudly on its front, "personal freedom," that the person of the citizen is always shielded from illegal arrests and illegal harm. And yet, even in despotic France, where the civil law is supreme, which claims no strict regards for personal rights of the citizen, where the great protecting writ of *habeas corpus* is unknown, the person of the citizen is safer to-day than it is here. There—where there is no Constitution like our own, embodying and reproducing among other great principles, the great assertion of the Petition of Rights, that no person should be detained in prison without having a speedy trial—even there the greatest malefactors against the State, like Ostrov, have a safe and speedy trial, and counsel can thunder, as they dare not do here, against the iniquities, the corruption and tyranny of the Government, without fear, and where an interference by the Emperor would be scorned by judge and jury, and would raise a revolution which would shake even the Imperial throne to its center. But here, where we believed was an inheritance of all those great writs of freedom from our English ancestors, who won them from King and wrested them from Parliament—*Magna Charta*, the Petition and Bill of Rights, the *Habeas Corpus Act*, and even the Constitution of our land, which embodies and reproduces the great popular principles and assertions of those writs, are revoked by a Pennsylvania lawyer and a New York Fouché. [Applause.]

The Democratic party must save the country. The country appeals not only to a Democratic army, with the youthful Democratic General at its head, to preserve it against the armed assaults of rebels, but to the Democratic party to guard it against the no less dangerous attacks of the fanatics and traitors in our midst. It rests with the Democratic party to save this Government, which is drifting like a ship over the open sea, rudderless, dismantled, without even the smallest plead in the over hanging darkness to give light and hope, except it may be the faint dawning of the Democratic victory in the East [cheers]—to lead and guide her—to take the place of the drunken crew who are on board of her, and the imbecile plate at her helm, who, while she is fast setting into the deep clinging to the platform of Chicago, looming up in the darkness before them [cheers].

It rests with the Democratic party of this State whether this magnificent polity—the ultimate and consummate realization—this master-piece of civil structure—shall be lost through the insanity and imbecility of its present rulers, and the visionary theories of the Republican party, or whether it shall have a renewed lease of power, prosperity and grandeur. As the best eulogies of the

Democratic party is the past history of this country, so the best proof that it can save it, is that even amid the shock and storm of battle, it does not swerve from its own policy—that it still proclaims its old faith, and recites the articles of its ancient ritual. It proclaims no other creed than the Constitution and the laws, as springing from any based on the Constitution. It deals in no Utopian theories, but is satisfied with the Union as it was. [Great applause.]

A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.—Can anybody tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?

We can east! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed, or a glove to be mended, right away, quick, now! Because he never read the newspapers until the sun had got down behind the palm trees and stretched himself, yawning out.

"Ain't supper most ready, my dear?"

Not he. He made the fire and hung over the kettle him if, we'll venture and pulled the radishes and peeled the bananas and did everything else he ought to do! He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any pomegranates, and the matto season was over! He never stayed till eleven o'clock to a war meeting hurrying for the out candidate, and then scold because poor Eve was crying inside the gates. To be sure, he acted rather cowardly about appearing time, but that don't depreciate his helpfulness about the garden! He never played billiards, or drove fast horses, or smoked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around the groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cane's cradle at home. In short he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason none of her far descendants did!

AN ENGINE AND TRAIN OF CARS THROWN OFF THE TRACK BY A REBEL BULL.—Last week, as an engine, with twelve empty stock cars was coming up the North Missouri Railroad near Florence, an infuriated bull disputed its passage by getting on the track and throwing up the dirt with his feet in a furious manner. The breaks were whistled down, and the train stopped, but all to no purpose, as the bull obstinately maintained his ground, as if determined to dispute every inch.

The engineer started the trained again, thinking that the obstinate animal would certainly give way to the iron horse; but in this he was mistaken. The bull lowered head and slowly advanced for the contest. The train was running so slow, that, instead of knocking the infuriated animal off of the track, as it would have done in full speed, it ran up on it. The consequence was the engine and entire train was thrown from the track and entirely destroyed, involving a loss to the company of between \$20,000 and \$25,000! A rather dear "bull fight."

Stonewall Jackson Administers the Sacrament.

On the morning of a recent battle near Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, administered the sacrament to the church members in his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony. A Baptist, the straightest of his sect, thoroughly imbued with the idea of close communion, was seen to hesitate; but the occasion, and the man who presided overcame his scruples, and thus it has happened that the prospect of a fight, the ardor and the eloquence of Jackson made a Baptist forget that baptism is the door into the Church. In all Jackson's army an oath is rarely uttered. A religious enthusiasm pervades it which makes every man a hero. Conscious of the justice of our cause, and imbued with the strongest conviction of patriotism, his men are irresistible. In this incident we have an explanation of General Jackson's invincibility, and we are thus enabled to understand why his men are all heroes, and why they endure without a murmur the severest hardships to which any troops have been subjected during the war.

Beholding the hand writing on the wall, which tells them that the days of the reign of their power are numbered, they call us *Secessionists*. The thousands of our Democratic brothers who are fighting to-day for the Constitution as it is, and when these objects were attained, that the war should cease. Beholding the hand writing on the wall, which tells them that the days of the reign of their power are numbered, they call us *Secessionists*. The thousands of our Democratic brothers who are fighting to-day for the Constitution as it is, and when these objects were attained, that the war should cease. Beholding the hand writing on the wall, which tells them that the days of the reign of their power are numbered, they call us *Secessionists*.

But the evils of *Political Abolition*, rising up in the North, must be faced, and the consequences it tends to must be considered. However averse the people of the free States may be to slavery (and we believe they are almost universally so), yet we can not but feel that this remedy of *Political Abolition* is worse than the disease, first, because the rudeness and violence of the treatment only aggravate it; and next, because they fear that the medicine, if administered as proposed, will kill both patient and the doctor. A *DIS-SOLUTION OF THE UNION* would be an CERTAIN as any effect of moral cause that can be reasoned on. Nor is it likely that this would be the end. The political asperities and exasperations that would grow out of such a conflict, would themselves naturally be breeders of other convulsions; and it would not be strange if some CHIEFTAIN or chieftains should rise up in the struggle, to make slaves of all freemen, and bind in stronger chains those whom, by such means, it is proposed to set free.

"We are not fond of alarming topics, not disposed to excite unnecessary anxiety.—But the evils of *Political Abolition*, rising up in the North, must be faced, and the consequences it tends to must be considered. However averse the people of the free States may be to slavery (and we believe they are almost universally so), yet we can not but feel that this remedy of *Political Abolition* is worse than the disease, first, because the rudeness and violence of the treatment only aggravate it; and next, because they fear that the medicine, if administered as proposed, will kill both patient and the doctor. A *DIS-SOLUTION OF THE UNION* would be an CERTAIN as any effect of moral cause that can be reasoned on. Nor is it likely that this would be the end. The political asperities and exasperations that would grow out of such a conflict, would themselves naturally be breeders of other convulsions; and it would not be strange if some CHIEFTAIN or chieftains should rise up in the struggle, to make slaves of all freemen, and bind in stronger chains those whom, by such means, it is proposed to set free.

Political Abolition obtained the ascendancy in the North in 1860, and the consequences, as foretold by the Tribune tract of 1844, are now in part the country, in fearful and desolating certainty and magnitude; and the future may realize the prediction in all its fullness.

BAD LUCK.—A wooden-legged amateur happened to be with a skirmishing party lately, when a shell burst near him, smashing his artificial limb to bits, and sending a piece of iron through the calf of a soldier near him. The soldier "grinned and bore it" like a man, while the amateur was loud and emphatic in his lamentations. Being replied, "Oh, yes; it's all well enough for you to bear it. Your leg didn't cost anything, and will heal up; but I paid \$200 cash for mine."

If the medical dogma is true that like cures like, the bites of a cat should be treated with cat-nip.

From the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald, Oct. 28.—**A General System of Plunder in Curtis' Army—Diagreaful Developments.**</

IN.
URSDAY BY
ROSSER,
and Proprietors.
VILLE, - NOVEMBER 6

The premium on the Demand notes has varied during the week, they being controlled now entirely by the rates on Gold. The closing quotation for them is 123@124. Kentucky Currency sold in the early part of the week 12 premium, but there was not so much inquiry for it at the close, and buyers were not willing to allow more than 1 premium. The demand for it is chiefly from parties who wish to use it in buying up Produce, as no other Currency will be received in the Southern and Western portions of this State. The agents of the Bank of the State of Indiana are still engaged in buying up its issues at 1/2 premium. The order for the issues of the Missouri Banks in good credit is still unfilled, and the party who has it is still paying a premium of 1@1 per cent. There is considerable activity in Uncurrent Money, especially Southern, which is being bought by persons who anticipate a movement of our army, which will enable them to use it advantageously in the purchase of Produce, and the rates have undergone some change.

It is stated that the Governor of Ohio has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in regard to drafted aliens in the camps of that State; on which the New York Herald says: "This looks like a high-handed measure on the part of a State Executive; and whence Governor Tod received his authority to abrogate this constitutional guardian of men's rights and liberties is somewhat difficult to ascertain. The writ of *habeas corpus*, which was once considered of such inestimable value, has become a plaything."

THE GOVERNMENT FEEDING THE CURRENCY WITH MORE PAPER ISSUES.—The New York Tribune's money article says:

The Government is feeding the currency market with \$600,000 of paper daily. Under these circumstances no tightness of money can be feared. Our advices to-day from Washington are to the effect that Mr. Chase has no intention of changing the financial policy of the country; that he will continue to issue his legal tender Notes as fast as they can be manufactured, and that when his present authority to issue is exhausted he intends to apply for a further issue.

The Hon. Mr. Tremaine, in a speech delivered in Albany County, New York, thus truthfully describes the Abolition record. He says:

"And, now, Republicans, what is your record? The opposition of all these enumerated landmarks: a Maine Law, a nine-million canal loan, both opposed by us, and pronounced by the Judiciary unconstitutional; a metropolitan police bill, to punish a Democratic city; gridiron railroad bills; registry law, to trouble foreigners; the Chicago Platform, to drive away the South; emancipation in the District of Columbia; Confiscation Bill; Sedition Law; suspension of *habeas corpus*; arresting citizens on telegraphic orders from irresponsible powers; refusing to bring them to trial for pretended offenses; Hunter's, Fremont's, Phelps' and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamations; establishing Governmental schools for the education of negroes; taxing the toil of Northern freemen to clothe and feed them in their indolence."

I. O. O. F.—The Grand Lodge of Odd-fellows of the State of Kentucky, met in Louisville, on Tuesday, the 28th ult. The attendance was large and the proceedings of a highly interesting character. The following are the Grand officers elected for the ensuing year:

M. W. G. Master—John Fish, Covington.

R. W. Dep. G. Master—C. G. Cady, Maysville.

R. W. Grand Warden—R. K. Summerwell, Covington.

R. W. G. Secretary—William White, Louisville.

R. W. G. Treasurer—G. W. Morris, Louisville.

R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. of U. S.—J. W. Menzies, Covington.

The following are the nominees for Grand officers to be elected at the next session:

For M. W. G. Master—J. C. Sapers, Crittenden, Ky.

For R. W. D. G. Master—A. H. Calvin, Lexington; J. G. Collins, Newport; R. K. Summerwell, Covington.

For R. W. G. Warden—Fred Frisbee, Louisville; J. W. Campbell, Covington; E. Whitesides, Frankfort.

For G. Secretary—William White, Louisville.

For G. Treasurer—G. W. Morris, Louisville.

For R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. of U. S.—J. D. Pollard, Frankfort; A. H. Ransom, Covington; Speed S. Fry, Danville.

GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR has issued an address to his constituents, in which he distinctly charges General Fremont with treason. He says:

Fremont was then plotting against the Government which had trusted him, and using the means placed in his hands for its support to work its destruction, and establish for himself a dictatorship upon its ruins. If his ability had been equal to his ambition, he would perhaps have sought to enact the same role now being played by Jeff Davis. The patriotism of our people and his imbecility, was our safety. When I represented to the Government that in my opinion General Fremont had not the capacity to conduct successfully the military command which had been intrusted to him (his conspiracy against the Government had not then developed itself,) I was not unprepared for the indignation which this expression of opinion brought upon me on the part of the General and his California contractors and dependents; but I confess the astonishment with which the course pursued by the Missouri Democrat and certain other newspapers filled me.

Speaking of fashionable hats, should one say, 'the latest style' or 'the latest tile?' Mobile Tribune.

The shooting of the editor of the *Dayton Empire* may be looked upon as the effect of party hatred. A staunch and unfinching democrat, who boldly and fearlessly depicted the evils of abolitionism, his life's blood was made to ston at the assassins hand. After shooting of Mr. BOLLMEYER, the excitement was said to be intense, a mob of several hundred persons collected for the purpose of taking the murderer from the jail and hanging him to the nearest tree. The Mayor succeeded for a time in quelling the riot. In the afternoon the crowd again assembled, but no demonstrations were made. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the mob again assembled, and proceeded to the jail with two swivels, for the purpose of breaking down the jail doors and dragging Brown from his cell to be executed. The guns were captured by the police, and the

We publish below the testimony given at the Coroner's Inquest:

TESTIMONY OF F. P. CUPPY.

I have known deceased for some time. His name is Bollmeyer—don't know his Christian name—think his initials are J. P. This morning when I was going home from market, I saw deceased and Henry M. Brown, standing near each other apparently conversing. They were in front of Mrs. Stutsman's on 2nd Street. I first observed them when I was about half-way between One-mere's corner and Mrs. Stutsman's. The deceased had one foot on the horse block, and had his market-basket resting on his knee, with his arm through the handle of the basket. When I had advanced to within about ten feet of the parties, Mr. Brown said to Bollmeyer, "You did abuse me," and I think he said "last night," but can not be certain. Bollmeyer replied, "I did not abuse you," to which Brown replied, "You are a d—d liar." I had then just passed them—but had kept my eye on them all the time. Bollmeyer then set his basket down on the horse-block and advanced a little toward Brown, who retreated three or four steps, and drew a pistol. Bollmeyer then retreated a short distance and turned partly round. Brown aimed the pistol and held it toward Bollmeyer. Bollmeyer said to Brown, "Don't shoot!" and held up his hands. I did not think Brown would shoot, but in a moment more the pistol fired, and Bollmeyer fell. Brown stood a moment—then turned and went away.

Bollmeyer motioned to me and seemed to be trying to speak. I ran to him and put my hand under his head. He said, "my wife," and I put my lips to his ear and advised him if he wanted me to inform his wife of what had happened. He nodded his head several times and smiled. I told him I would break the intelligence to her as kindly as I knew how.

Christian Breene and Mr. Crumbaugh came up and shortly after others. I asked some one to summon a physician and shortly Dr. Jewett came, and shortly afterward I went away.

Question by the Coroner—What was the manner of the parties during the conversation and interview between them.

Neither of them appeared to be much excited till Brown called Bollmeyer "a d—d liar." Then Bollmeyer seemed to be stung by the imputation, but he did nothing violent to Brown, nor was his manner as he advanced toward Brown indicative of violence. I saw no weapon in his hands. He made no effort to take hold of or strike Brown.

Question by same.—How far was Brown from deceased when he fired at him, and how far were you?

I should think about ten feet, and I was about the same distance, but in an opposite direction. [Signed.] F. P. CUPPY.

S. C. CRUMBAUGH'S TESTIMONY.

I was returning from market, and when opposite the boarding house of Mrs. Stutsman, saw Mr. Henry M. Brown and Mr. J. F. Bollmeyer standing near the edge of the pavement. Mr. Brown on the pavement and Mr. Bollmeyer standing in the gutter, with his market-basket on the left arm, and his right around the tree-box. Mr. Brown called Mr. Bollmeyer "a damned liar," when Mr. Bollmeyer set down his basket and stepped upon the pavement, but as far as I could judge, not making any hostile demonstrations. I was then standing not more than four or five feet from both of them.—Mr. Brown receded a couple of steps backward—thrust his hand into the right pocket of his pantaloons, drew forth a pistol and advanced a step, and at about the same instant that he cocked it, said "You God damned," or merely damned, "liar, I will shoot you." Mr. Bollmeyer exclaimed, "Don't shoot, Henry." I did not think that Brown would shoot, neither do I think that Mr. Bollmeyer expected that he would; but he did shoot, and Mr. Bollmeyer fell upon his back, his head striking within a foot of where I was standing. When Mr. Brown shot he was not over four or five feet from the deceased, and I was about the same distance, at a right angle, from him.—Mr. Cuppy came up immediately. I asked the deceased whether he was much hurt. He nodded his head. I then examined his head, and after seeing the location of the wound, asked him no further questions. He was struggling very hard to speak, and made some kind of a sound to Mr. Cuppy, but not distinct enough for one to recognize the language.

Question by Coroner—Describe the manner and temper of the parties before Brown fired—it was angry, or otherwise—and what did Brown do or after the shooting?

Mr. Brown seemed to be very much excited, but did not think that Mr. Bollmeyer was unusually excited. He made no demonstration as if endeavoring to take a concealed weapon from his pocket, and as far as I could see, did not even fold his fist. Mr. Brown said not a word after he shot, but replaced his pistol in his pocket and walked away.

S. C. CRUMBAUGH.

CARPETS FOR SOLDIERS' CLOTHING.—Savannah is up and doing in behalf of our suffering soldiers in Virginia. A public meeting has been held, and prompt measures taken to secure at once clothing for the army. Messrs. W. H. Wiltberger & Co., proprietors of the Pulaski House, have offered the entire stock of carpets of their establishment to be converted into covering for the soldiers. Some idea of the minuscule of the donation may be formed when we state that it comprises the carpeting of one hundred and twenty rooms, and when cut will make over five hundred comfortable and good sized blankets.—Mobile Tribune.

An Eminent English Lawyer's Opinion of Our Politics.

EDWIN JAMES, Esq., of New York, an eminent English lawyer who has recently taken up his residence in that city, was called out at a late Democratic meeting in New York. After returning his acknowledgment he said:

"At present I have not become a member of any political organization in this country. I have become an inchoate citizen. I have taken out my papers, and at the proper time I trust I shall aspire to that which is the highest aim in a free country—to take my part in the ordinary questions of political affairs.

* * * * *

"Upon the other questions that are now attracting the attention of this country, I am forming my opinions. But there is one question upon which as an inchoate citizen of this country I desire to explain my opinion. I doubt almost at this time whether I tread the free soil of America—whether I breathe the free air of the American Continent, when I see the trial by jury denied, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, when I see persons immured, and it is declared that the employment of impartial counsel will aggravate their offense—when I see these things going on I must doubt I am breathing the free air of America. It was hardly possible to believe that a man could be here arrested by telegraph and without authority—it was things like these that destroyed every notion which a European had of liberty in the United States.

"I was amused, said Mr. James, in continuing, when, the other day, a gentleman came to me—he was a client, and, as I do not get many of them at present, I remembered him very well—and I said, 'What has been the master with you?' He said, 'I have been in Fort McHenry for two months.' 'What did you go there for?' [Laughter] 'How did you get out?' 'I don't know; I got out by telegraph!' [Laughter] 'Where are you going now?' 'I don't know—I suppose they will give me little change, and I will go to Fort Lafayette.' [Laughter] There was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"The dream of the past and the enthusiast in the brightest aspiration for liberty had been almost realized in this country, but how changed were circumstances now. I can scarcely believe—said Mr. James—that I tread the free soil of America, or breathe the wholesome atmosphere of freedom. [Applause.] He implored all his fellow-citizens to allow none—not the smallest invasion of their political Constitution. One precedent creates another; they soon accumulate and become law. The laws must flourish with our Constitution. They grow out of it and will expire with it. You must guard with jealousy the bright inheritance of freedom, and transmit it unimpeded to your successors. Trial by jury, the right of free discussion, the liberty of the press, the writ of *habeas corpus*, are the foundations of freedom; they are the columns which support the whole superstructure of civil and religious liberty. [Loud applause.]"

From the Chicago Times.

The Practical Effect of Negro Fanaticism.

On Madison street, in this city, there is a boarding house kept ostensibly for the accommodation of white people, by a woman of the Harriet Beecher Stowe Lucy Stone order, who has a growing faith in Abolitionism. Her boarding-house is kept in pretty good style, and is consequently patronized by upward of twenty respectable male and female boarders.

The mistress of the house always endeavors to care for the comfort of her guests, but never fails on a fit opportunity to advance her views on the subject of negroes. Her admiration of them seems to have increased until it amounts almost to infatuation. She reads all the Abolition tracts, including the late emancipation proclamation, sings all the Abolition hymns, gossips daily on a ten-cent photograph of Fred Douglass, and makes her peace with the Heavenly Master each night by praying for the liberation and enlightenment of the whole negro race. A day or two since this fine female reformer determined to carry her notions into execution. She did so, and encounseled in one of her best rooms a regular African. The next day at dinner the boarders were astonished to find their new boarder sitting at the table. They immediately rose with one accord and withdrew from the room, leaving the shade and his admiring female to dispatch the dinner. The insulted guests held a consultation in the parlor. A pronunciamento was drawn up and signed by all the boarders, declaring the affair to be an outrage, and demanding the immediate departure of the African. This brought the woman to her senses. That evening the negro was gone. The experiment was a failure.

Iowa.—The Dubuque (Iowa) Herald of October 22 says: "Iowa may be safely adjudged to the Democratic column. We have reduced a majority against us of 15,714 to less than 2,000, elected our local ticket in counties where last year we were swept by the board, and secured, without doubt, a Congressman in the Fourth District. Give us, gentlemen of the Democratic press, credit for what we have done, and be assured that we are still marching on."

The National Intelligencer, having accepted as true the assertion of the New York Evening Post that the republican party, having accomplished the object for which it was formed, (the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and the prohibition of slavery in the Territories) has expired, has christened the successor of this republican party the military abolition party, because it seeks to abolish slavery by military force; and the Intelligencer might have added, because it seeks to abolish the constitutional rights of white men by military force.

—A negro child was frozen to death about a mile and a half from Logan on Sunday night, of last week. Two children were driven from shelter by an old darkey named Arthur Jenkins, so rumor says, and after being exposed to the weather from Friday afternoon, one was found dead on Sunday, in a corn-shock. The other one, it is thought, will die from the effects of the exposure. Lo, the poor nego! The freedom to which the poor darkeys are invited by Abolitionists, is liberty to die in the open fields from exposure and starvation! How the heart sickens at the recital of such instances of human suffering. May God protect the poor and destitute! —Cin. Enq.

—Some of the Abolitionists are abusing Gen. Scott because he advised the President to support the Crittenden resolutions. Any son who does not now wish in his heart that the President had supported those resolutions must be either a friend or a fool.—Louisville Journal.

The Irish definition of 'an open countenance' is not a bad one: 'A mouth from ear to ear.'

Losses of the Two Armies--The Balance Sheet.

The Richmond Dispatch contains a long and interesting exhibit of the losses of the two armies, from the crossing of the Rapidan to the close of recent operations on the Potomac. We give an extract:

The government has accurate lists of our killed, wounded and missing. From the Rapidan, all through the campaign to Harper's Ferry, they number about 11,500. At Sharpsburg, our loss was about 5,000. But suppose we had lost 30,000, as McClellan's lying reports indicate. Suppose, too, he lost no more than he allows, that is to say, 14,796 men, at Sharpsburg and in preceding engagements. Still his campaign is an unprofitable one, for his losses are nearly as great as ours, even according to this statement.

At Harper's Ferry, balance in our favor, 6,000. Taking the whole campaign, even even on this statement, from the Rapidan to Winchester, it is enormously in our favor. Still more is it so when we look at it through the medium of other statements, combined with his.

Let us see what will be the result if we take our own statements for our losses and their statements of their losses.

Our loss in the whole campaign, from the Rapidan to the recrossing into Virginia, was, according to the statement of Mr. Crooker, about 11,500 killed, wounded and missing. The Yankee loss at Harper's Ferry was, according to the crown admission, the same.

These two then balance each other, and all the rest is gain to us.

First, they add up their losses.

THE BULLETIN.

OFFICE—Second Street, Opposite Cadwallader's Photograph Gallery.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY, NOV. 6

The river at this point is rising slowly. The mail boats now make their trips promptly up to time. At Pittsburg the river is three feet and rising.

The Suffolk County Bank, at Sag Harbor, was broken open on Saturday night and robbed of \$12,500; \$8,000 in bills and the balance in bonds. \$1,000 is offered for the detection of the burglars and the recovery of the money.

It is reported that Mr. Thurlow Weed will soon make another semi-official visit to Europe.

Madame Anna Bishop, the celebrated singer, was burned in St. Paul, on Wednesday of last week, by her clothes taking fire, from the effect of which she died on the Friday following.

Gen. Cass authorizes the Detroit Free Press to contradict the report that he approves the President's abolition proclamation.

SHINPLASTERS.—The United States Marshal of Connecticut has ordered all persons or corporations that have issued fractional bills or checks for circulation of currency to stop the business, and call in such paper as they have out, without delay.

The Houston Telegraph says the State of Texas, out of a voting population of sixty-five thousand, has now sixty-four regiments in the field, many of which number over one thousand, and to some have been sent as many as one thousand five hundred men. Texas is clearly entitled to be considered the banner State.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.—In the Eleventh Congressional District, Ind., Mr. McDowell, Democrat, is elected to Congress by a majority of 1,210 over his Abolition competitor, who was elected two years ago by 2,000 majority.

The Madison House, Cincinnati.
This well established Hotel, on Main, between Front and Columbia streets, is still growing in popular favor. The enterprising proprietor, Mr. J. W. GARRISON, spares neither pains or expense to accommodate his transient and permanent guests.—Mr. SAM. ARMSTRONG, in the office, is the right man in the right place, and the team together deserves the patronage of an appreciative public.

Cheap Clothing!
We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of BLUM & HECKINGER, who is now opening up a splendid stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, and other goods in their line, and are offering such inducements to customers as have never been seen in the seven acre city. Read their advertisement, in to-day's paper, and repair forthwith and purchase; bearing in mind the truth of the old proverb, that "he who advertises must sell cheapest," and that "a man who is too selfish to advertise, is too penurious to sell any description of goods at a reasonable price." That's true as preaching! So go to BLUM & HECKINGER and buy what you need in their line.

We understand that the Son of Mr. JAMES POWER, of Aberdeen, was so severely wounded on Saturday night, that he died from the effects of the wounds the following morning. While guarding his father's garden, he accidentally discharged his gun, the entire contents taking effect in his head.—He was alone at the time of the accident.

ALEX. H. STEPHENS, the Vice President of the Confederate States, has written a letter condemnatory of the exercise of Martial Law in the Confederate States.

The order appropriating the Masonic Temple, at Louisville, as a Military Hospital has been rescinded.

TOBACCO.—The tobacco season of 1861-62 closed with the sales of yesterday. The sales of the season, at the three warehouses in this city, were as follows:

Udds.	
Pickett, : : : :	14,360
Ninth street, : : : :	7,862
Boone, : : : :	6,686
Total sales of the season	: 28,908
Louisville Journal,	

LOST—On last Monday evening, some where between Mr. Brickett's Office and the First Toll-Gate on the Flemingsburg pike, Seven Silver plated Forks. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving them at this Office.

Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer, says: The late defeat of the Republican party in this State, was not owing to the fact that so many of its followers were absent in the army; but because the draft frightened such a host of them into Canada to avoid it.

'Caught in her own net,' as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex bitched in her crinoline.

When may a man be said to be 'dressed in borrowed plumes?' When he is tarred and feathered.

Welcome Little Stranger!' as the man said when he found the three cent piece among his postage stamps.

Socrates, seeing a scolding wife who had banged herself on a tree exclaimed. 'Oh, that all trees should bear such fruit.'

Southern News.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—GENERAL BRAGG'S OFFICIAL REPORT.
Headquarters Department No. 2,
BRYANTVILLE, KY., Oct. 12, 1862

Sir: Finding the enemy pressing heavily in his rear, near Perryville, Major General Hardee, of Polk's command, was obliged to hold and check him at that point.—Having arrived at Harrodsburg from Frankfort, I determined to give him battle there, and accordingly concentrated three divisions of my command—the Army of the Mississippi, now under Major General Polk, Cheatham's Buckner's and Anderson's—and directed General Polk to take command on the 7th, and attack the enemy next morning. Withers' division had gone the day before to support Smith. Hearing, on the night of the 7th, that the force in front of Smith had rapidly retreated, I moved early next morning, to be present at the operations of Polk's forces.

The two armies were formed confronting each other on opposite sides of the town of Perryville. After consulting the General, and reconnoitering the ground and examining his disposition, I declined to assume the command, but suggested some changes and modifications of his arrangements, which he promptly adopted. The action opened, at half past twelve P. M., between the skirmishers and artillery on both sides. Finding the enemy indisposed to advance upon us, and knowing he was receiving heavy reinforcements, I deemed it best to assail him vigorously, and so directed.

The engagement became general soon thereafter, and was continued furiously from that time to dark, our troops never faltering and never failing in their efforts.

For the time engaged it was the severest and most desperately contested engagement within my knowledge. Fearfully outnumbered, our troops did not hesitate to engage at any odds, and, though checked at times, they eventually carried every position, and drove the enemy about two miles. But for the intervention of night we should have completed the work. We had captured fifteen pieces of artillery by the most daring charges, killed one and wounded two Brigadier Generals, and a very large number of inferior officers and men estimated at no less than four thousand, and captured four hundred prisoners, including three staff officers with servants, carriage and baggage of Major General McCook.

The ground was literally covered with the dead and wounded. In such a contest our own loss was necessarily severe—probably not less than 2,500 killed, wounded and missing. Included in the wounded are Brigadier Generals Wood, Cleburne, and Brown—gallant and noble soldiers—whose loss will be severely felt by their commands. To Major General Polk, commanding the forces; Major General Hardee, commanding the left wing, two divisions, and Major General Cheatham, Buckner and Anderson, commanding divisions, is mainly due the brilliant achievements of this memorable field. Nobler troops were never more gallantly led. The country owes them a debt of gratitude which I am sure will be acknowledged.

Ascertaining that the enemy was heavily reinforced during the night, I withdrew my force early the next morning to Harrodsburg, and thence to this point. Major General Smith arrived at Harrodsburg with most of his force and Withers' division the next day, the 10th, and yesterday I withdrew the whole to this point, the enemy following slowly, but not pressing us.

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

MARRIED.

In this city, on 29th ult., by Rev. George W. Coons, JOHN C. CLAYPOOL of Charleston, Va., to Miss ELIZA C. BLAINE, daughter of S. L. Blaine.

DIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult., of Consumption, JAMES B. BLAINE, in the 32nd year of his age. In Washington City, on the 25th ult., of Malaria Fever, Lieut. Jas. W. DUKE, U. S. A., aged 19 years and 7 months.

STILL AHEAD! AND STILL AHEAD!!

BLUM & HECKINGER,

OF THE

GREAT WESTERN CLOTHING HOUSE!

TAKE THE PLEASURE OF INFORMING our patrons and the public generally, that we have again returned from the East, with a large and well selected Stock of

OVER COATS.
DRESS COATS.
BUSINESS COATS,
PANTS AND VESTS,

and having bought our Stock early in the season, we are enabled still to sell them at the old prices. We call particular attention to the Stock of Piece Goods consisting of

CLOTHES, DOOKINS, CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS, &c. &c.

Which our well known and justly celebrated Cutter, JERRY F. YOUNG, will make up to order in his usual excellent style.

We also call the attention of the public to our complete assortment of

GENT'S FURNISHING GOOD consisting of fine SHIRTS which by the by have gained quite a celebrity with those that wear them. TIERS, SUSPENDERS, UNDER-SHIRTS, DRAWERS, GLOVES, SOCKS, &c.

Always on hand an assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES and CARPET BAGS.

Give us a call and judge for yourselves.

BLUM & HECKINGER,
Maysville, Ky.

WHEN YOU COME TO THE CITY

STOP AT THE

DONIPHAN HOUSE:

WHERE YOU CAN GET

YOUR MEALS FOR 35 CENTS!!

[October 20th 1862]

Commercial.

MAYSVILLE MARKET.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 1862.

Sugar New Orleans, 13 to 14c.
Molasses—New Orleans, Bbls. 65c.; Half Bbls. 70c.
Copper 30 to 21 with upward tendency.
Wax—Rbd 90c.; White 35 to 90c.
Flour—Selling at from \$3.65 to \$5.75.
Whisky.—Market firm Nelson's extra selling at 97c.
Crush Sugar, 15c.
Gran. " 15c.
Loaf " 15c.
Bacon—Sides 5c; Hams 6@3c; Shoulders 8@4c.
Lard—63¢ per lb.
Hemp—\$4.75 per ton.
Tobacco—Selling at \$10c lbs.
MACKEREL—Bbls. No. 2, \$10; Halfbbls. 5.50, Quarters \$8.25.
SALT—100 lbs bushel.
IRON—Bar Iron 24¢; Nail Iron 6@3c; Horse Shoe 34@4c.
RICE—9c. per lb.
FEATHERS—32 cents lbs.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS STOCK!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FIFTY PACKAGES DRY GOODS!

Embracing English, French & American Prints, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Canton Flannels, Apron Checks, Plaid Linseys, Shaker Flannels, Bed Ticks, Shirting, Stripes, Gray and Scarlet Flannels, Mousseline Delaines, Embroideries, Linen Cambrie Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosier and Notions generally. Terms Wholesale and Retail for CASH ONLY.

M. R. BURGESS & SON.

Maysville, Ky., October 2nd, 1862.

NEW WHOLESALE HOUSE

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

M. R. BURGESS & SON,

Second Street,

MAYSVILLE, KY.

WILL OPEN IN THE UPPER ROOMS OF THE

Sensation Store!

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Sensation Store!

M. R. BURGESS & SON,

Second Street,

MAYSVILLE, KY.

MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey-red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That young gentleman was I, myself, Harry Church, that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I saw myself at the little red school house, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat upon it, that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye have I gained on such occasions, for other boys liked her besides me, and she, I am afraid, was something of a flirt, even in her piano forte. How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the environs folds of her winter hood. How gaily her merry laugh rang out, when by dint of superhuman exertions, I followed that laugh up from my days of childhood, till I grew to be an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silverying my hair, and many children climb to my knee and call me 'father,' I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that gray hairs and all, I am following that music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came to me. I was sent away to a western school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are very tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments, never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more.

I was a sad puppy, I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also. An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indias. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts, and was not expected home until the next fall. I gave one sight to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate and then called myself a man again.

"In a year," I thought, "as the stage whirled away from our door, in a year or three years at the most I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be—why, then, perhaps I may marry her."

I stroked back my budding moustache with complacency, while I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamt that she would not stoop with grateful tears to pick up the handkerchief whenever I choose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. She as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps, in the scented and affected student, she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unmitigated donkey of myself, I know she would not.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I had laid up, but because my earnest labor had counteracted the evil of nature and made me a better man. And when at the end of the three years I prepared to return, I had written nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet of the reformation which I knew had taken place. They loved me as I was; I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token from that land of gold for the friends I was about to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one selected with a beating heart—a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside. That was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggestive though perhaps, by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was about to wear it. But to me—oh, how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a happy home and sweet smiling face there—a group of merry children to climb upon my knee—all these delights were hidden in that ring of gold.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strangers' eyes were looking curiously on. But no, a servant girl answered my summons; they were too merry in the parlor to heed that long absent one when he asked for admittance. Some such bitter thoughts were passing through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known or asked after the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small, golden head—a tiny delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine, so like the one that brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What may you name be, little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes—I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else? I asked.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the little child.

My heart sunk down like lead. Here we are to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and won the woman away from me! And I must go there and meet her again, and then go away for ever and die—if God would let me.

A gentleman arrived here from Middle Tennessee. He says gold is abundant there. United States notes are usually refused, but they are preferred to Confederate paper.

Everybody has an abundance of money.

There is no great suffering among the people. They have enough to eat, but are at a standstill. The negroes were quiet, and everybody was waiting to have the war come to an end.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

BULLETIN

PRINTING

ESTABLISHMENT!

SECOND STREET,

MAYSVILLE, KY.

Mercantile Work.

BILLS OF LADING,
BILL HEAD,
CERTIFICATES,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, DEEDS,
RECEIPTS,
REGISTERS.

SHOW CARDS!

AND

BILLS IN COLORS

CHECKS,
CARDS,
HEADINGS,
NOTES,
ENVELOPES,
CONTRACTS.

SHOW BILLS

FOR

Country Merchants

SHOW BILLS,
HAND BILLS,
INVITATIONS,
BILLS OF FARE,
POSTERS,
LABELS, &c.,
SCHOOL & COLLEGE SCHEMES,
CONCERT PROGRAMMES, &c.

PAMPHLET WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SCHOOL & COLLEGE CATALOGUES,
MISCELLANEOUS PAMPHLETS,
CONSTITUTIONS,

REPORTS,

BRIEFS, &c.

PRINTING IN GOLD AND COLORS!

We have a very complete Printing Establishment. Our facilities for doing all kinds of Work,

Plain or Ornamental

Are first class. We have added to our Type many of the Modern styles, and being Practical Printers, we are thus enabled to furnish Jobs promptly, to guarantee satisfaction and to accept

LOW PRICES!

THE ATTENTION

OF

Business Men, Teachers, Commit-

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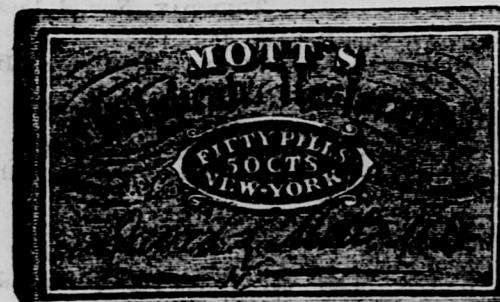
Is respectfully directed to our Establishment, if they desire first class work at low rates.

Orders from abroad will receive prompt attention.

Work furnished, in all cases, at the time promised.

ROSS & ROSSER.

HEALTH RESTORED!



DR. MOTT'S Chalybeate Pills.

An aperient and stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen, of high medical authority and extraordinary efficacy in each of the following complaints, viz:

DEBILITY, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, EMACIATION, DYSPEPSIA, SPHAERALCEA, CONSTIPATION, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, SCOURVY, LABOR, LIVER COMPLAINTS, RHUMATIC, MERCURIAL, CONSEQUENCES, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, NEURALGIA, CHRONIC HEADACHES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, MENSTRUATION, WHITES, CHLOROSIS, ETC., PIMPLES ON THE FACE, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, ETC.

The IRON being absorbed by the blood, and thus circulating through the whole system, no part of the body can escape their truly wonderful influence.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can for a moment be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case. In all cases of female debility (flor albus, chlorosis, etc.), its effects are delightfully renovating. No remedy has ever been discovered, in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use. As a grand stomachic and general restorative it has no superior and no substitute.

It is contained in five metal boxes containing 50 pills, 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50; one dozen boxes, \$4.00. For sale by Druggists generally. Will be sent free of charge to any address on receipt of price. All letters, etc., should be addressed to

P. B. LOCKE & CO.,
General Agents. •
339 BROADWAY, N. Y.
N. B.—The above is a fac-simile of the label on each box.

N. Y. K.

Benevolent Infirmary.

ESTABLISHED AND ENDOWED FOR THE RELIEF OF THOSE SUFFERING WITH CONTAGIOUS, VIRULENT, AND INFECTIVE DISEASES, AND FOR THE TREATMENT AND EXTIRPATION OF ALL DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND SEXUAL ORGANS, OF WHATEVER NATURE.

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